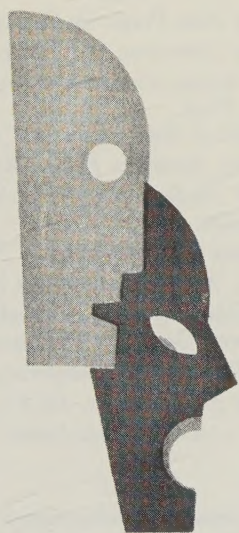


THE
CHAPBOOK
(A MONTHLY MISCELLANY)



Number 37

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ONE SHILLING NET

THE CHAPBOOK (A Monthly Miscellany) was born in July, 1919. It is published on the first of each month. The following is a list of the numbers that have already appeared :

1919.

- (1) JULY.—*Twenty-three New Poems by Contemporary Poets.*
- (2) AUGUST.—*Decoration in the Theatre.* By Albert Rutherston.
- (3) SEPTEMBER.—*Poems Newly Decorated.*
- (4) OCTOBER.—*Some French Poets of To-Day.* By F. S. Flint.
- (5) NOVEMBER.—*Rhymes for Children*, with 70 appropriate woodcuts.
- (6) DECEMBER.—*Four Songs : Nod. At the Turn of the Burn. Melmillo. Arabia.*

1920.

- (7) JANUARY.—*A Collection of New Poems by Contemporary Poets.*
- (8) FEBRUARY.—*Modern Prose Literature : A Critical Survey.*
- (9) MARCH.—*Three Critical Essays on Modern English Poetry.* By T. S. Eliot, Aldous Huxley and F. S. Flint.
- (10) APRIL.—*A Third Collection of New Poems by Contemporary Poets.*
- (11) MAY.—*Some Contemporary American Poets.* By John Gould Fletcher.
- (12) JUNE.—*A Bibliography of Modern Poetry, with Notes on some Contemporary Poets.* Compiled by Recorder.
- (13) JULY.—*Thirteen New Poems by Contemporary Poets.* (Also *Pins for Wings.*)
- (14) AUGUST.—*Aria da Capo : A Play in One Act* by Edna St. Vincent Millay.
- (15) SEPTEMBER.—*Old Broadside Ballads.* Collected and Edited, with Reproductions in facsimile, Cover Design, and Introduction by C. Lovat Fraser.
- (16) OCTOBER.—*Sixteen New Poems by Contemporary Poets.*
- (17) NOVEMBER.—*The Younger French Poets.* By F. S. Flint.
- (18) DECEMBER.—*Three Songs : A Christmas Carol. Full Moon. Desire in Spring.*

1921.

- (19) JANUARY.—*Eleven New Poems by Contemporary Poets.*
- (20) FEBRUARY.—*Puppets and Poets.* By E. Gordon Craig.
- (21) MARCH.—*A House (Modern Morality Play).* By Ford Madox Hueffer.
- (22) APRIL.—*Prose in Poetry (Three Essays).* By T. S. Eliot, Frederic Manning and Richard Aldington.
- (23) MAY.—*Nineteen Poems by Contemporary Poets*, also *Pathology des Dommagistes.*
- (24) JUNE.—*A List of 101 Commendable Plays*, ancient and modern, with notes.

1922.

- (25) FEBRUARY.—*Twelve New Poems by Contemporary Poets.*
- (26) MAY.—*Seventeen New Poems by Contemporary Poets.*
- (27) JULY.—*Three Questions and Twenty-Seven Answers regarding the Necessity, the Function, and the Form of Poetry.*

THE CHAPBOOK

(A MONTHLY MISCELLANY)

EDITED BY HAROLD MONRO

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The Cover Designs are by Terence Prentis.

Editor's Notes

IN its issue of the fifth of April *The Times Literary Supplement* publishes a leading article entitled "How it strikes a Contemporary," which is not only worth reading, but worth quarrelling with. In our March issue we complained of the present over-production of books. The writer in *The Times* has the same complaint to make, though he approaches his subject with tantalising indirectness. He is troubled "by the fact that two critics at the same table at the same moment will pronounce completely different opinions about the same book." And he comes to a final conclusion "that it is an age incapable of sustained effort, littered with fragments and not seriously to be compared with the age that went before."

Mr. Richard Aldington expressed a similar view in an article he wrote for Number 28 of *THE CHAPBOOK*. But he did not make quite so definite an effort as *The Times* to diagnose the maladies of the present. "Much of what is best in contemporary work," we read in *The Times*, "has the appearance of being noted down under pressure, taken down in a bleak shorthand which preserves with astonishing brilliance the movements and expressions of the figures as they pass across the screen." This remark would seem to imply that our literature is a completely satisfactory expression of our age. This is surely to its credit. We need not consider works not of original invention or imagination, but purely of competent imitation. *The Times* indeed does not ask us to. Yet it exhorts us to consult the masterpieces of the past. "We feel ourselves indeed driven to them," it tells us, "impelled not by calm judgment, but by some imperious need to anchor our instability upon their security . . . and frankly," it confesses, "if we pit one century against another, the comparison seems overwhelmingly against us."

The following eight masterpieces are cited. They were all published between 1800 and 1821. *The Times* scarcely makes any attempt to find equivalents for them in the same period of our own century. It leaves them standing like gaunt idols staring at their worshippers. It is only for one of them that we find ourselves unable to suggest a reasonable equivalent :

THE TIMES LIST.

(1800-1821.)

1. Waverley.
2. The Excursion.
3. Kubla Khan.
4. Don Juan.
5. Hazlitt's Essays.
6. Pride and Prejudice.
7. Hyperion.
8. Prometheus Unbound.

THE CHAPBOOK LIST.

(1900-1921.)

1. Lord Jim.
2. The Way of all Flesh.
3. The Bull, or The Listeners,
or The Italian Air.
4. Man and Superman.
5. The Sacred Wood, or Ideas of
Good and Evil.
6. The Forsyte Saga.
8. The Dynasts, or Satan Ab-
solved.

Our list, we emphasise, is not comparative, but equivalent. For instance, we consider that it would have been as impossible for an author of the earlier period to write "The Way of All Flesh," as for one of the later period to compose "The Excursion," which does not prevent the two works (each a chronicle of the development of individual character under particular circumstances) being each equally illuminating and interpretative, both psychologically and æsthetically, in its own sphere. The same remarks apply more or less to Numbers 1, 4 and 6 on the lists, and it is worth noting that whereas Scott's hero in "Waverley" moved in a ready-made pseudo-historical setting, Lord Jim's environment, though equally romantic, is imaginatively and psychologically created by his author.

We would be prepared to yield in the matter of Number 3 if sufficiently good reason were shown, but we would emphatically support Number 8 against all argument. For "Hyperion," having exhaustively searched our brains and our bookshelves, we find ourselves unable to find an equivalent, though we could cite a number of imitations. If compelled to produce something, we would present ourselves at the scratch with a copy of "The Sale of Saint Thomas." But the most appropriate equivalent we could think of would probably be a mythological prose romance, if an adequate one existed, or such a book as "Lore of Prosperine."

It will be remarked that in two cases we have chosen prose works

as equivalents for verse works of the earlier period. This is inevitable. The Elizabethans translated Homer into Elizabethan blank verse ; the Eighteenth Century preferred to have him rendered in trim artificial rhymed couplets. Lord Derby provided his period with another kind of blank verse. Our own two best translations of Homer are in prose, and the better of them (Samuel Butler's) in a style based upon the formula that "a translation should depart hardly at all from the modes of speech current in the translator's own times." This age, we think, is one of prose and of short poems. But to be an age of short poems is not necessarily to be "an age incapable of sustained effort, and littered with fragments." Curiously enough, of the five poems selected by *The Times* three, at any rate, are "fragments" in the sense that they remained uncompleted ; and "Hyperion" was left unfinished on account of difficulties of the same kind as are found to arise to-day in connection with the writing of long poems. "Hyperion" is one of the exceptions in literature. It was not a failure, as Keats suspected, but it was the last great poem warrantable in the Miltonic style, and it remains a kind of beautiful freak to which nothing subsequent can be paralleled. We venture to state that most of the works of creative imagination that in the future will be held to represent our own period are in prose. And we would remark further that the works cited above hardly do justice to our period, because in the process of finding the nearest legitimate equivalents, we have been obliged to leave out some of our trump authors such as Wells, Frazer, Hudson, Beerbohm, Doughty and Lytton Strachey.

The writer in *The Times* views the earlier period inevitably as through a telescope, but his own through a pair of horn-rimmed glasses, or even with the naked eye. We would remind him that in 1823 critics were pronouncing "completely different opinions about the same book" with almost, if not quite, as much conviction as to-day. Let him transfer himself in imagination to 1823. "Hyperion" was published in 1820, "Prometheus Unbound" in 1821. The genius of Wordsworth was in hot dispute. In 1817, however, Moore had been paid by his publisher 3,000 guineas for "Lalla Rookh." Critical literature had recently been enriched by such works as "Biographia Literaria" and Wordsworth's

unparalleled essays and prefaces, for which indeed we would hesitate to suggest equivalents in our present day. But the Mr. Gosse, Mr. Squire, Mr. Lynd and Mr. James Douglas of that moment found mediocrity no less comfortably attractive, and while they were ardently agreeing to differ or agreeing to agree about Moore, Campbell, Kirke White, Bloomfield, Hogg, Southey and others, many of the works that were destined later to represent the genius of the time unconsciously eluded them or were consciously dismissed.

Several other points arise in connection with this most interesting subject. We realise that we may be quite as much at fault as *The Times*. For instance, it is possible that the readers of 2023 will be wondering why we did not think Mr. Doughty's "Dawn in Britain" as great a poem as "Paradise Lost." If anyone desired to wager that Mr. Blunden's poems would prove a mushroom growth as transitory as Robert Bloomfield's praised verses of one hundred years ago, or Mr. Drinkwater's works an up-to-date equivalent for Robert Montgomery's epics, or Mr. Nichols' effusions late imitations of Keats, then we would close our lips, because we do not actually bet. But regarding the "Dawn in Britain," we would neither wager nor not wager, unless it were pitted against Mr. Eliot's "Waste Land," in which case we would be prepared to give the latter about an even chance.

But the comparison is more or less odious because the one poem is so overwhelmingly long, and the other so disarmingly short. Who shall say, rather, that "The Waste Land" is not the "Kubla Khan" of this generation? Coleridge described his poem as "a vision in a dream," a "fragment," and he published it "rather as a psychological curiosity." His period was one of intensified romanticism of which "Kubla Khan" represents the very essence. Coleridge was interrupted by an unexpected intruder, and could not afterwards finish the poem. Mr. Eliot's "Waste Land" is also in the nature of "a vision in a dream," and "a fragment"; it is decidedly a "psychological curiosity." Mr. Eliot appears to us to be by temperament a romantic, though his period forces him to be a keen reactionary against romanticism. As for interruptions, "The Waste Land" is full of intruders and hardly a passage is

not interrupted by one of them, though they are not actually persons "on business from Porlock." However, there is hardly space here to develop such an analogy, so we will leave it as a stray thought that has come to us.

* * * * *

We have been wondering when, if ever, a criticism will appear in *The London Mercury* of that book so much advertised by Mr. A. Noyes (in tones of honeyed hatred): "Ulysses." *The Mercury*, that silver-lipped lover of silence, has entirely passed the wild book over. Because?—Can it be anger? Is it fear? No. Only, like Thomas Gray, *The London Mercury* can't speak out.

Mr. Gordon Bottomley has been awarded The Femina Vie-Heureuse Prize for the best book of imagination published during 1922. We do not know for which (donor or donee) this singular award is the greater triumph.

From America comes a circular headed "UNIQUE RECITALS," and announcing that a certain "poet-playwright-musician" will "conduct a series of Sunday afternoon recitals, featuring various American and European poets, novelists, playwrights, musicians, dancers and mimes in individual and collective programs of an intimate character." We hope the poet-playwright-musician's circular was composed by his advertisement manager and not by himself.

Of the wood-cut "Moses" by Gordon Craig, which was reproduced in the March number of THE CHAPBOOK, only twenty-six copies altogether have been printed, each signed and numbered. THE CHAPBOOK version was a reduction of the original. We learn that a few of the twenty-six copies are still to be had, and the work has been so much admired that we think this worth mentioning. Further information can be obtained by application to the Manager of the Poetry Bookshop.

The Rod

WHY does a woman change her moods ?
That man may have no thought but hers ;
When man has silent, unknown dreams,
Oh, how it troubles her with fears :
Her words, what jealous fear they prove—
“ A penny for your thoughts, my love.”

When I would think, she laughs and talks,
That I shall know a woman's there ;
She stops my hand, when it would write :
I took her for my staff, but swear—
By the Hind Leg of the Lamb of God—
This woman's love is now my rod !

The Trick

NO answer, yet I called her name,
I shook her, but no motion came,
She showed no signs of having breath ;
When, in my fear, the light was sought,
The hussy laughed : “ Is this,” I thought—
“ Some strange convulsion after death ! ”

I could have murdered her that hour,
To think that she had used such power
In making me betray a love
Secret and vast, and still unknown ;
A love half-dreamt, till life is done,
And only Death himself can prove.

(A. J. C. Brown)

The Train

THE dust of evening sun
Falls on the waves of the wheat.
The wires and rails in the falling heat
File glistening. One

Dream of childhood more
Rises like a river mist.
Engine's shriek ! I run ! Breathless missed
It not ! Before,

The gravelled way's curve,
The hum of wires ; the lark
Above ; and then the wild smoke-dark
Engine's swerve.

The hissing steam and dear
Slim body ! O, of youth
Loved friends from gold, as dreams of truth
Come ! Near

I stand, panting. Eye gleams,
The whistle vagabondly cries ;
Handshake. Soot-handed friends. " Where lies
Life (it seems

New faces, flowers, and strangers' ease,
Go, Pilgrims, leave no traces !"
Bird-fleet seeking men-built changing places,
Then but a smoke-whiff on the evening trees.

I

THERE are monumental moments
when the crude modelling
is forgotten ;
when the awkward limbs
assemble to an attitude
as the conceit brightens
and fades.

Since the first breaking
of the antique whole
fragment chips fragment
and would find
in the shaping of a part
a whole.

II

HERE and here are rough blocks
which the unknowing minds
have watched the hands
haplessly hewing ;
across which the shadows
fall on blurred values.

Surely somewhere there are features,
faces where vitality
informs the clear line, moulds the subtle plane,
and where the spaced surfaces
play with the light ?

(*Camilla
Doyle*)

The Cat: or, Les Yeux Bigarrés

SHE was so small and draggled, that white cat—
How could one guess
That when she turned, her face would show such queer
New loveliness?—
—One eye more green than clear green muscatels,
One eye so blue
That as I stooped and watched, my gaze went down
Like divers through
A drowning-depth of blueness, bluer than sea ;
And at that sight
All blues went through my head for simile—
But not one right.
Not chalkhill butterflies on grass—not glazed
Blue beads threaded with jade
From pharaohs' tombs—hardly the sky itself—
Such blue displayed.
The dingy, torpid street enhanced her beauty.
We called aloud
Seeing her eyes, but scarce one passer-by
Glanced from the crowd. . . .
I'd like to find a girl like that, in just
So dark a street—
Draggled and small, unnoticed but for me—
Green ice and blue june-heat
In her two eyes where no dull sameness could
Steal in. I'd watch for years
Her profile, and believe one eye could laugh
And one shed tears,
One drowse as clear green sunset, and one dart
Blue lightning, both together.
Oh, she could keep my love, I'd never slip
From such a tether !
But always live unsated, wondering, eager,
Delighted and perplexed.
Too many girls are dull, one knows beforehand
What they'll do next.

(*Camilla
Doyle*)

The Town Rabbit in the Country

THREE hours ago in Seven Dials
She lived awaiting all the trials
That haunt her race, but now shall be
Freed on the lawn to play with me.

In the dim shop her eyes were grey
And languid ; but in this bright day
To a full circle each dilates,
And turns the blue of Worcester plates
In the unaccustomed sun ; she stares
At strange fresh leaves ; the passing airs,
Outstretching from her box's brink,
She gulps as if her nose could drink.

Now o'er the edge she scrambles slow,
Too pleased to know which way to go—
Half dazed with pleasure she explores
This sunny, eatable out-of-doors.

Then shakes and tosses up her ears
Like plumes upon bold cavaliers—
The dust flies out as catherine-wheels
Throw sparks as round she twirls and reels—
Her spine it quivers like an eel's—
Over her head she flings her heels,
Comes down askew, then waltzes till
She must reverse or else feel ill—
Reverses, then lies down and pants
As one who has no further wants,
Staring with half-believing eyes
Like souls that wake in Paradise.

(A. J. C. Brown)

Laughter

WHAT fog shall make
Vain night more dark ;
Or rain the stark
Noontide thirst slake ?

But lest these grim
Fierce pictures loom
Too awful—gloom,
And heat's dull dim

Constricting glow,—
Then let me say
A softer way,
Subdued and low :

How shall I slip
Free from death's grip ?

How can life's love
Be ever stilled ;
Below, above,
When have I willed ?

Tomorrow comes
Without a voice,
Without a choice,
Without death's drums.

How can I feel
The awful wheel ?

My heart fast sings,
My laughter rings ;
Though death be nigher,
Can I laugh higher ?

(*Edith Sitwell*)

Cacophony for Clarinet

SAID the dairy maid
With her hooped petticoat
Swishing like water . . .
To the hemlocks she said " Afraid
Am I of each sheep and goat—
For I am Pan's daughter ! "
Dark as Africa and Asia
The vast trees weep—
The Margravine, learned as Aspasia,
Has fallen asleep.
Her small head, beribboned
With her yellow satin hair
Like satin ribbons butter-yellow
That the faunal noon has made more mellow
Has drooped asleep. . . .
And a snore forlorn
Sounds like Pan's horn.
On pointed toe I creep—
Look through the diamonded pane
Of the window in the dairy,
Then out I slip again
In my hooped petticoat like old Morgane the fairy.—
Like a stillroom-maid's yellow print gown
Are the glazed chintz buttercups of summer
Where a kingly cock in a feathered smock and a red-gold crown
Rants like a barn-door mummer.
And I heard the Margravine say
To the ancient bewigged Abbé
" I think it is so clever
Of people to discover
New planets,—and how ever
Do they find out what their names are ? "
Then, clear as the note of a clarinet, her hair
Called Pan across the fields, Pan like the forlorn wind,
From the Asian, African darkness of the trees in his lair,—
To play with her endless vacancy of mind !

(*Edith Sitwell*)

By the Lake

A CROSS the thick and the pastel snow
Two people go . . . " And do you remember
When last we wandered this shore ? " . . . " Ah no !
For it is cold-hearted December."

" Dead, the leaves that like asses' ears hung on the trees
When last we wandered and squandered joy here ;
Now Midas your husband will listen for these
Whispers,—these tears for joy's bier."

And as they walk, they seem tall pagodas ;
And all the ropes let down from the cloud
Ring the hard cold bell-buds upon the trees,—codas
Of overtones, ecstasies, grown for love's shroud.

(T. Sturge Moore)

To Novice Love

O GAY, adventurous, unsealed eyes,
Feast upon grandeur that was there—
Though not revealed to you—O wise
That late were foolish, now aware

Of what *they* saw—banded with those
Whose joy completes the worth they praise,
Whose day ebbs not beneath the sun
A common one of many days !

Return not ! On ! Why glance back even ;
Behavened there, a world is yours
So, so unlike this rifled Eden
Where carnage ever breeds or roars !



*" Thus times do shift ; each thing his turn does hold ;
New things succeed, as former things grow old."*

(Notes on Painting)

ACTUAL resemblance to anything in nature is no longer essential.

The unenterprising scientifically exact imitation of Nature, that, in precinematographic days, had, perhaps, its documentary significance, is now unpermissible.

Working from nature, although indicative of relaxed initiative, must inevitably take place ; and, indeed, if dictated and governed by purely pictorial motives, may result in work of the highest conceivable quality.

The only possible form of representative art is that which, through the artist's " novel power of refraction," reveals, to an unvisioned world, a more essential truth than the usual pennyworth that it perceives unaided.

The artist, however, is not bounded by his immediate contact with the objective world, and the forms he may make use of in his pursuit of pure painting are not necessarily compounded from natural things.

Abstract design, the product of our time and of the quest for new aims and values, stands for a new branch of the plastic arts. Painting had formerly never solely depended on the appeal of pure form.

The appeal is to the eye, and to offer only that which the spectacle of nature can as well afford renders painting otiose.

Subject is the incitement to creation, but its only interest, the pictorial import.

To appreciate purely abstract arrangement, it is necessary to overcome the tyranny of subject-matter.

The artist should wish neither to escape nor over-zealously to interpret his own age.

The immediate influence of the plastic suggestions of the realities hinging on his life will suffice to provide, whether he will or not, an expression adequate to his powers of digestion and assimilation.

The artists of the quattrocento exploited the religious themes omnipresent in their time, with a proper enthusiasm for their pictorial possibilities.

A dignified and sincere belief was doubtless a sustaining power.

Now to replace these outworn symbols of the past—the religious motif and the immaculate Christ convention—we have the use of a vital and fundamental symbolism, inspired by the characteristics of our own epoch.

Our age strongly reveals its own imagery, and the machine, with its strength, construction, and mathematical precision, is established as the source of æsthetic inspiration.

Veneration and worship are not enjoined ; but the uses to which the machine's æsthetic virtues can be put, in the endeavour to establish an ideal beauty, must not be underrated.

And even though the artist may not approach machinery from any view-point other than that of a casual observer, his mere consciousness of it will differentiate his work.

Thus for the development of the plastic arts a new influence is realised, necessitating fresh valuations. These have been devised : for their acceptance a little thought is needed, and the application of that free intelligence which is devoted to enquiry.

(Terence Prentis)



Picasso
78

Pencil Drawing
Picasso

Mister Bosphorus and the Muses

or

A Short History of Poetry in Britain*

VARIETY ENTERTAINMENT IN FOUR ACTS

Words by Ford Madox Ford. Music by several popular Composers.

With Harlequinade, Transformation Scene, Cinematographic Effects, and many other Novelties, as well as old and tried Favourites.

ACT ONE—SCENE ONE

POOR NORTHERN MUSE.

Scene represents a garret predominantly furnished with shadows. Rain and wet leaves fall upon the skylight. Dusk !

Throughout this Scene the Poet Bosphorus soliloquises.

OUR hands are cold and our luck's
Out !
Our stiffened thews refuse
To bear us about,
And who can wonder
After the rain and the road
Where the only gold about lies under
Funeral yews ?

And the road, wet ;
And the rain, cold ;
The last light in bands
Thrown down the wet road ;

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Rein-stiffened hands,
And the mare old,
Too much of a load and the harness rotten ;
And our luck's . . .
Out !
*(And don't forget,
As you've hitherto forgotten,
To shut up the ducks,
There's a fox
About !)*

He addresses his Muse.

Oh ! In such a world begotten
You, from the shadows say :
" Set vine-leaves in your locks ! "
Remembering how, with a ticket purchased from Cook's,
A marigold stalk in your mouth
And seven travel-books in a strap from your arm
You travelled a sedulous fortnight in the warm,
Warm South ! . . .
That you have never forgotten !

But remember
This is an evening in November
And since October
We've lived cold-sober ;
We'd have had some ale if
We'd had a penny . . .
But we haven't had any.

*(It's getting late
And the ducks out !
And our luck's out
And the fox about.)*

How can a man sit with vine-leaves in his locks
With the fox

About ?
And the jolly grey bailiffs wait
Outside the gate !
Christ ! We would fetch in the bailiff
And give him his bellyful of ale if
You, poor Northern Muse !
Begot in the black shadow of yews in the youth of the year
And born when their berries turned scarlet
Were only that patchouli'd harlot
With a flower behind the ear. . . .

Ah ! You remember ! . . . Underneath the moon
The thousand wantons treading the warm turf. . .
That poet's Velasquez hat, forked beard of gold,
Guitar, coins clinking on the turf, the up-cocking arm
Oh warm . . . Oh warm . . .
The cloying eve !

II

We've driven to-night from Sutton. . . .

At some point underneath the yews a widow,
A black-crape structure, mildewed, battered and old
Set on her head, held out a drab's pale palm
And sang for largesse ! . . . A thin nostrilled nose
Dyed purple with the cold, a shining drop
Perpetual at the end : is anything more loathsome ?
Yet she must once have revelled in warm beds
With an adoring husband. Well, rain-wet,
The craving hand out-stretched beneath the yews,
She waited in the shadow. . . .

Oh my Muse

We drove to-night from Sutton
Belching with Southdown mutton
And that bedraggled harlot stood in the ooze

Beneath the churchyard yews. . . . "Curse me," I said,
"I've a ten-bob note in my waistcoat, but be-damned,
If with frozen finger-tips I open my coat
To find that note. . . ." So I didn't unbutton !

III

In the warmed, moth-blue sky the foolish moon
Is over-arched by birch-trees. Fête-Champêt'e !
How came our party here ? In an automobile
Or drawn by shining mules ? Do you remember ?
"Not I, My Love !" Maybe in a painted barge
Over a glass-lagoon beneath the moon.
What does it matter ? . . . Leaning overboard
Broad-bosomed, voluptuous, black, copper-haired
And white-skinned women toss with languid gestures
Coins to the muse of the poet. In the South,
Where the air breeds music and the moonlight love,
And the foot with an arching instep taps the sand
To the distant cymbals ; and the coins lie, broad,
Moon-beaten discs the Poet's muse just brushes
With a pointed shoe-tip. . . . You, in Quaker grey—
And you were younger then !—You, with a finger
Still pointing heavenwards from your pursing lips
Softly upbraid the nonchalant occupants
Of our air-borne barge. For thoughtlessness ! Said you :

To-night's, said you, like July !
A tepid eve, but truly,
That Muse must use patchouli
And rouge upon her lips !
That poet's dark sombrero's
Brim may conceal the Hero's
True Manliness, but Eros
I rather think, bespeaks !
White marble, duly quarried,

Is symbol of the married !
But are they *truly* married . . .
So speaks . . .

So spoke the Northern Muse to unlistening ears !
Now, finger-tips chapped and gnarled with the chapel pews
She's scrubbed and scrubbed and her poor widow's cap-strings
Soaked with the soapy water, from the shadows
She whispers : " Set the vine-leaves in your locks ! "
God help us !

In the South the sombrero'd poet
Rose slothfully and stretching out a hand,
White but not over-washed, to the kindly moon,
Shouts out his indolent verse, accustomed rhymes :
Pour with Amour and Pure to match Azure ;
A scratch on the guitar, a diamond flash
In the birchen shadow ; gesture with the hat
And so to bed beside his harlot. . . . Ah !
In the azure night. . . .

(*To be continued.*)

[NOTE BY THE AUTHOR :—The Editor asks for an explanation of this work. Surely he underestimates the intelligence of his readers : for what could be plainer ? An English poet here looks at the world. Any English POET !

Argument and the Editor apart, it may be suggested to the Indulgent Reader that He will get more from a poem if He takes, without seeking explanations, what He gets, revelling merely in dissolving views. Your poet is an inconsequential creature. Reviewing his Time he lacks the capacity for such clear, sustained and trenchant thought as distinguishes those, let us say, who review for The Times. Yet you may have pleasures from him if you let him, now and again diffuse, and then again shrewd, just burble on. . . .]



From an Etching

Ginsburgh

1922 (continued)

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